Onely reſerued their factor to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed away:
Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the dog is dead,

Qu. O thou dids prophecie the time would come
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That botteld ſpider, that foule hunch-backt toade.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me,
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?

Now

Now thy'proud necke, beares halfe
From which, euen here, I ſlip my w
And leaue the burthen of it all on th
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene
Theſe Engliſh wars, will make me
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes,
And teach me how to curſe mine en
Q. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the
Compare dead happineſſe with liui
Thinke that babes were fairer then
And he that ſlew them fowler then
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cau
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how
Qu. My words are dull, O quic
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them ſh
Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be fu
Qu. Windie attornies to your client
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miſeries
Let them haue ſcope, though what
Helpe not at all, yet do they eaſe th
Dut. If ſo, then be not tongue-tie
And in the breath of bitter words, le
My damned ſonne, which thy two
I heare his drum, be copious in excl

Enter king Richard marching and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedi
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue inter
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed w
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead wit
Where would be grauen, if that rig
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow
And the dire death of my two ſonne
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where a

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